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Gems *of* Devotion

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Gems of Devotion

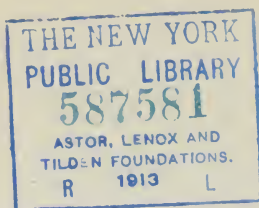
A text and verse for every day
in the year.

Arranged by
Stella Sorenson



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January

1 This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

'Tis vain to weep for pleasures
That never can return;
O'er broken hopes and buried joys
'Tis vanity to mourn.
Still onward time is speeding
Along a flow'ry shore;
Oh, why look backward weeping
And miss the joys before?

2 Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. MATT. xxviii. 20.

For he, the first, the last, th' almighty God,
Is ever near, to succor and defend;
This is his promise, written in the Word,
"Lo, I am with you always to the end."

3 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way, which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye. PSA. xxxii. 8.

Lord, I pray thee guide my vesse,
Down the swift and treacherous flood,
To the land where peace eternal
Smiles around the throne of God.

4 To him that overcometh will I give to eat
of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the
paradise of God. Rev. ii. 7.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

5 A pleasant thing it is, for the eyes to be-
hold the sun. Eccl. xi. 7.

Christ is my sun that never sets,
And hence I have no night.
All day he shines upon my path
And makes it beam with light.

6 Lead me in the way everlasting.
Psa. cxxxix. 24.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed
That Thou shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path,
But now, lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will.
Remember not past years.

7 I am the rose of Sharon. S. OF SOL. ii. 1.

Lovely, most lovely, are earth's radiant flowers,
Her very smiles of joy, aye chasing gloom;
But soon they wither, in her happiest bowers:
In heaven, doth the rose of Sharon ever bloom!

8 Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty.
ISA. xxxiii. 17.

Yea! though the land be very far away,
A step, a moment, ends the toil for thee;
Then, changing grief for gladness, night for day,
Thine eyes shall see!

9 Quicken me after thy lovingkindness.
PSA. cxix. 88.

As stars, upon the tranquil sea,
In minute glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart,
Reflect the Source divine.
Oh, then be kind! whoe'er thou art,
That breathes the mortal breath
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

10 Speak, Lord; for thy servant neareth.
I SAM. iii. 9.

Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock
In the shadow of the rock.

11 His truth shall be thy shield. PSA. xci. 4.

Christ is my shield, that never fails
In battle's fiercest shock;
He stands between me and the foe,
My tower, my strength, my rock.

12 But God forbid that I should glory, save
in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. GAL. vi. 14.

Earth came at last, storm-beat and torn;
She recompensed me all my loss,
For, as a cargo, safe she brought
A crown, linked to a cross.

13 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. S. OF SOL. iv. 6.

As long as a shadow is cast,
There somewhere must be the sun,
Though never till life is past
Are its endless duties done.
Yet, surely, 'tis something to know
God looketh adown awhile,
And only our wayward wills
Can ever cloud his smile.

14 God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. JAS. iv. 6.

Christ gives each day his grace divine,
By which, through faith, I rest;
And glory-light comes streaming down,
While leaning on his breast.

15 I beseech thee, show me thy glory.
Ex. xxxiii. 18.

Then glory to the precious One,
In whom I live in love;
Who gives the rest of faith below,
Eternal rest above.

16 Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. I JOHN ii. 15.

O Jesus! if in days gone by,
My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love, for love of thee,
To bid this cheerful world farewell.

17 Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. JOHN xvi. 20.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown:
No traveler ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers on **his** road.

18 When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee. ISA. xliii. 2.

The land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun:
Homesick are we for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

19 For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.
HEB. xii. 6.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how God's plans were right
And how, what seemed reproof, was love most true.

20 Ye judge after the flesh. JOHN viii. 15.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

21 Sorrow is turned into joy. JOB xli. 22.

And sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

22 Let the words of my mouth be acceptable
in thy sight. PSA. xix. 14.

Words are mighty; words are living serpents, with their
venomed stings;

Or, bright angels crowding round us, with heaven's
light upon their wings;

Every word has its own spirit, true or false that never
dies—

Every word man's lips have uttered, lives on record in
the skies.

23 Lead me in thy truth, and teach me; for
thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I
wait all the day. PSA. xxv. 5.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in everything,
To do it as for thee.

24 He is our peace. EPH. ii. 14.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee;

No fears my soul's unwavering faith, can shake:

All's well—which ever side the grave for me

The morning light may break.

25 For what is your life? It is even a vapor,
that appeareth for a little time, and then van-
isheth away. JAS. iv. 14.

What is your life, a day of toil?
Affliction, trial, and turmoil
In swift succession come?
But after labor, cometh rest,
Upon the dear Redeemer's breast,
If fitted for his home.

26 Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.
PROV. xvi. 20.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer:
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

27 And it shall come to pass in the day that the
Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow.
ISA. xiv. 3.

Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,* when curtained by night;
Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

28 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. PSA. cxxxix. 10.

All the way, my Savior leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread:
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rocks before me,
Lo! a spring of joy, I see.

29 Lord, save us: we perish. MATT. viii. 25.

Master, the tempest is raging—
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
Carest thou not that we perish?
How canst thou lie asleep
When each moment, so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

30 Let me glean and gather after the reapers.
RUTH. ii. 7.

Burden gleaner, thy sheaves I see;
Indeed thou must aweary be!
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned today?
Stay me not, till day is done—
I've gathered handfuls, one by one;
Here and there, for me they fall;
Close by the reapers I've found them all.

31 If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. LUKE ix. 23.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

February

1 Therefore my heart is glad. Psa. xvi. 9.

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edge of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.
If thou art glad,
Still be, in thy brother's gladness, glad.

2 As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

One day at a time, but a single day—
Whatever its load, whatever its length,
There's a bit of precious scripture to say,
That according to each, shall be our strength.

3 He that overcometh, the same shall be
clothed in white raiment. REV. iii. '5.

There's a robe that is waiting for you,
A robe that's resplendently fair,
Made white in the blood of the Lamb,
Richly studded with jewels most rare.
Now Jesus presents it for you—
Shall another this gorgeous robe wear?

4 Thou art wearied in the greatness of thy way. ISA. lvii. 10.

My life is a wearisome journey;
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me;
The briers are wounding my feet:
But the city to which I am journeying,
Will more than my trials repay;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

5 Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. REV. ii. 10.

There's a crown that is waiting for you
More bright than the diamond's glow,
More lustrous than stars of the night,
More fair than the glittering snow.
Shall it deck, in the ages to come,
Thine own or another one's brow?

6 If thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine be done. LUKE xxii. 42.

God pity those who can not say,
"Not mine but thine": who only pray,
"Let this cup pass"; and can not see
The meaning of Gethsemane.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul. Psa. cxvi. 7.

Immortal soul, from sense released
By Christ's undying love,
Thou art a part of God's own self;
Go dwell with him above.

8 This mortal must put on immortality.
I COR. xv. 53.

O mortal man, by nature bound,
A spirit yet a clod;
In thee both mind and soul are found;
True, thou art linked to God.

9 Let your loins be girded about, and your
lights burning. LUKE xii. 35.

And is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beam would fall brightly on me.
There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

10 My flesh longeth for thee. Psa. lxiii. 1.

“A little while!” with patience, Lord,
I fain would ask “how long?”
For how can I with such a hope
Of glory and of home—
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come?
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan?

11 It is high time to awake out of sleep.
Rom. xiii. 11.

Sleeper, awake! beneath thy pillow
Lie serpents coiled, with deadly fangs;
While o'er the deep and sullen billow,
On the cliff's edge, thy bower hangs.

12 Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on
eternal life. I TIM. vi. 12.

Oh! for the faith
That points us to a home beyond the tomb,
Where mildews never canker love's bright wreath,
And youth and purity forever bloom.

13 Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, . . . but God, who is rich in mercy, . . . hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. EPH. ii. 2, 4, 6.

Now, the world to me
Is like a naked, wintry, wilderness,
Joyless, and cold, and traversed by wild winds,
Which waken strange and dreamy melodies
And sigh themselves away.

14 Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. LUKE ix. 57.

I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;
Let me in darkness feel thy hand
And simply follow thee.

15 Upon this rock I will build my church. MATT. xvi. 18.

The church is safe on the eternal Rock,
On which Immanuel laid her corner-stone.
She sits secure, nor fears the battle shock,
Though all the adverse powers unite as one.

16 I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep:
for thou, Lord, only maketh me to dwell in safety.
PSA. iv. 8.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his loving breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

17 Verily, there is a reward for the righteous.
PSA. lviii. 11.

A holy home,
Where those who sought the footprints of the
Lord,
Along the paths of pain, and care, and gloom,
Shall find the rest of heaven a rich reward.

18 My heart shall not fear. PSA. xxvii. 3.

I fear no coming sorrow, light will shine;
There comes with every morrow, help divine:
And when the journey's ended, then I know,
To realms of endless glory, I shall go.

19 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit. EPH. vi. 18.

Keep praying as you go,
While pilgrims here below,
For evil waits on every hand;
But Jesus Christ, for thee,
Shall all-sufficient be;
Keep praying as you go.

20 The time of my departure is at hand.
II TIM. iv. 6.

Sometime, I'll come to a valley
Where a grim shadow is thrown;
No human friend can go with me,
Leave me, O Lord, not alone!
Till that bright and beautiful morning,
When all the darkness shall flee,
Let me lean harder, dear Savior,
Let me lean harder on thee.

21 The time is at hand. REV. i. 3.

Go quickly, go quickly, the hour is late;
The Lord has commanded, how dare you to wait!
You carry a light that will show the way;
Go bear it to those who have gone astray.

22 Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen
your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.
PSA. xxxi 24.

I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him, come what may;
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm, sure haven of his breast;
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At his side.

23 Thrust in the sickle, and reap: for the time
is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the
earth is ripe. REV. xiv. 15.

Lo, the golden fields are smiling,
Wherefore idle shouldst thou be?
Great the harvest, few the workers,
And the Lord hath need of thee.
Go and work, the time is waning;
Let thy earnest heart reply
To the call so oft repeated,
"Blessed Master, here am I."

24 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.
PSA. xxiii. 3.

Though my feet be worn and weary,
Where the Shepherd leads, I'll go;
Though the mountain side be dreary,
He will lead me, this I know.

25 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.
PROV. iii. 5.

When arms of flesh are failing,
And earth seems cold and drear,
I love to trust in Jesus,
For then he draws so near!
In deepest midnight darkness,
When not a star I see,
The harder, then, I lean on him,
For then he's nearest me.

26 Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.
PSA. cxix. 117.

Ah, needy me!
It's naught I have—it's everything I need!
Be Thou my all, my helping friend indeed.
Regard my plea, then shall I be—
Though 'neath my feet, the tempter's snares are
spread,
And clouds and darkness be around my head—
Upheld by thee!

27 Know thou it for thy good. JOB v. 27.

Oh, be still, thou soul of mine,
Thou art not forsaken;
Tho' the pow'rs of sin may rage,
Thou shalt be unshaken.
He who gave his life for thee,
Thus permits that thou should'st be—
For thy good, as thou shalt see—
'Tempted for a season.

28 And there the weary be at rest. JOB iii. 17.

Then nevermore can sin or sorrow siege us;
Hath He not promised, "I will give you rest"?
At rest, at home, in paradise with Jesus;
Could weary heart be more supremely blest!

29 My soul shall be satisfied. PSA. lxiii. 5.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending;
Savior and Lord, with thy frail child abide.
Guide me toward home where all my wanderings
ending
I shall see thee, and be satisfied.

Harsh

1 I would not live alway. JOB vii. 16.

O great eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

2 Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. ROM. xiv. 12.

With books, or work, or healthful play,
Let your first years be past;
That you may give, for every day,
Some good account at last.

3 Stand fast in the faith. I COR. xvi. 13.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

4 Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous,
and then thou shalt have good success. JOSH. i. 8.

Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous
with us;
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful fortune
kneels down
Before the Eternal's throne, and, with hands interfolded,
And praises thankful, moves the only Giver of blessings.

5 To the end he may stablish your hearts un-
blameable in holiness. I THESS. iii. 13.

O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding but irresistible air

6 Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also
reap. GAL. vi. 7.

The tissue of the life to be,
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field or destiny,
We reap as we have sown.

7 Peace, peace to them that are afar off.
Isa. lvii. 19.

How would I lead you to the wells of peace.
And see you dip your fevered palms and drink!
Gladly, to purchase this, would I lay down
The precious remnant of my life and sleep.

8 He being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of
the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.
Jas. i. 25.

I count this thing to be grandly true—
That a noble deed it a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

9 I give myself unto prayer. Psa. cix. 4.

When the early morn is breaking
I will seek the mount of prayer;
'Tis a precious time of waiting
For my soul is strengthened there.
When the darkness gathers round me
At the closing of the day,
From the mount of prayer above me,
Comes a cheering, helping ray.

10 The Lord has his way in the whirlwind and
in the storm. NAH. i. 3.

Look up! O soul; no storm can last
Beyond the limits God hath set.
When its appointed work is past
In joy thou shalt thy grief forget.

11 The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee,
and give thee peace. NUM. vi. 26.

Hope thou in Him: his plan for thee
Shall end in triumph and release,
Fear not, for thou shalt surely see
His afterward of peace.

12 The path of the just is as the shining light,
that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
PROV. iv. 18.

A little while! 'tis ever drawing nearer—
The bright dawning of that glorious day:
Praise God! the light is hourly growing clearer,
Shining more and more unto the perfect day.

13 In the world ye shall have tribulation: but
be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.
JOHN xvi. 33.

What glories will that dawn unfold to thee!
Be of good cheer;
Gird up thy loins, bind sandals on thy feet:
The way is dark and long; the end is sweet.

14 For what shall it profit a man, if he shall
gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or
what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?
MARK viii. 36, 37.

Wilt thou take, in exchange for thy soul,
A lifetime, all sunshine and light;
Yea, freedom from care, an enjoyment of health,
And laughter from morning till night?
Aye, and riches to purchase those special delights
That drive away sorrow of heart;
Wilt thou take all these things for the loan of thy
soul
Until thou art called to depart?

15 We are thine. ISA. lxiii. 19.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

16 And if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then
after that thou shalt cut it down. LUKE xiii. 9.

The Lord of the garden saw it and said,
"Now, when the leaves are sere,
Cut down this tree so worthless,
And plant another here.
My garden is not for beauty alone,
But, for fruit as well,
And no barren tree must cumber
The place in which I dwell."

17 He careth for you. I PET. v. 7.

I have no cares, O blessed One,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

18 Here is wisdom. REV. xiii. 18.

To know just what to do by hour;
To know just how to do by hour;
To do our best, with all our heart and power—
This is the highest wisdom.

19 He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. JOHN x. 3.

Savior, lead me lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way:
I am safe when by thy side,
I would in thy love abide.

20 The Lord has comforted his people.
ISA. lii. 9.

Like the music of a fountain
Which a thirsty traveler hears,
Speaks a voice from Calvary's mountain,
"I am more than all thy fears."

21 Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast. HEB. vi. 19.

Will your anchor hold in the storm of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the stormy tide lifts and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

22 My grace is sufficient for thee. II COR. xii. 9.

His grace will be sufficient
Till I his glory see;
Then safe at home forever
I'll with him ever be.

23 He is the rock. DEUT. xxxii. 4.

In the rifted rock I'm resting,
Safely sheltered I abide;
There no foes nor storms molest me
While within the cleft I hide.

24 Lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.
HEB. xii. 3.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith one, "and be at rest."

25 Wherefore I abhor myself and repent i
dust and ashes. JOB xlii. 6.

The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

26 Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for
him. PSA. xxxvii. 7 .

Rest, and be silent! for patiently listening,
Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold
Pearls, in the waters of quietness, glistening—
Treasures of promise, that shall unfold.

27 And now abide faith, hope, charity
[love]. 1 COR. xiii. 13.

Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love,
Best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered,
“Yes, in heaven.”

28 We are saved by hope. ROM. viii. 24.

Whate'er may befall,
Whate'er may betide,
Let hope be your talisman,
Light-house, and guide.

29 The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are his everlasting arms. DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope, for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

30 I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.
HEB. xiii 5.

On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make:
Though sorely thou mayst chasten,
Thou never canst forsake.

31 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. PSA. xci. 1.

Sit down beneath His shadow
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds him
Is pledge of future sight.

April

1 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever. JOHN xiv. 16.

Oh, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

2 Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?
ZECH. iii. 2.

Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire.
How shall I equal triumphs raise
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

3 Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness. NEH. ix. 17.

Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

4 As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
so panteth my soul after thee, O God. PSA. vlil. 5.

With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For Thee I long; to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

5 Whether we live therefore, or die, we are
the Lord's. ROM. xiv. 8.

Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties—
Thine own, thy servant, all is thine.

6 To reveal his Son in me. GAL. i. 16.

Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
*The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowed Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

7 Submit yourselves therefore to God. JAS. iv. 7.

I would submit to all Thy will
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still
Nor one faint murmur rise.

8 I will cause you to pass under the rod.
EZEK. XX. 37.

Oh, can my heart aspire so high
To say, "My Father, God"?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie
And learn to kiss the rod.

9 Oh that thou wouldst bless me.
I CHRON. iv. 10.

Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Hear, my Advocate divine:
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Joined to his, it can not fail;
Bless me, for I will prevail.

10 Wisdom is the principal thing. PROV. iv. 7.

Still let thy wisdom be my guide
Nor take thy flight from me alway;
Still with me, let thy grace abide
That I from thee may never stray.
Let thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be,
My joy to endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am bound to thee.

11 Behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off of his hands. ACTS xii. 7.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray:
I awoke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I arose, went forth, and followed thee.

12 Looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. HEB. xii. 2.

Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose spirit breathes the active flame:
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
Today, as yesterday, the same.

13 I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me one of thy hired servants. LUKE xv. 18, 19.

The long lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.
"I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in the land,
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.
With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

14 And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. COL. iii. 14.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.

15 Knowledge shall be increased. DAN. xii. 4.

Our needful knowledge like our needful food,
Unhedged, lies open in life's common field
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.

16 I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. GEN. ix. 13.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud;
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

17 And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him. ACTS xx. 36, 37.

The tear of sympathy.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe, down virtue's manly cheeks.

18 Happy shalt thou be. PSA. cxxviii. 2.

O happiness! our being's end and aim;
Good pleasure, ease, content—whate'er thy name—
That something still which prompts th' eternal
sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

19 For he is our God; and we are the people
of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand
Psa. xcv. 7.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

20 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
Psa. lxi. 2.

When in the sultry glebe I faint
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile dales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

21 The Lord will bless his people with peace.
Psa. xxix. 11.

Come peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart;
Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

22 For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience. II COR. i. 12.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall, through the gloomy vale, attend
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace
And smooth the bed of death.

23 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? MATT. vi. 26.

To them no stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing where spring renews the plain;
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the joy, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

24 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. MATT. v. 8.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

25 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. **MATT. vi. 28, 29.**

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
If, ceaseless, thus, the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

26 God is our refuge and strength. **PSA. xlv. 1.**

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek,
Thou art my strength.

27 Woe to them that are at ease. **AMOS vi. 1.**

There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

28 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
PSA. xxxvii. 4.

My one desire be this:
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

29 In thy presence is fulness of joy. PSA. xvi. 11.

My soul before Thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

30 Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.
EPH. iv. 30.

How oft have I the Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove;
How obstinately disbelieved
And trampled on his love!
How have I sinned against the light,
Broken from his embrace;
And would not, when I freely might,
Be justified by grace.

May

1 The Lord is my light. Psa. xxvii. 1.

I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night:
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my light.

2 Abide in me, and I in you. JOHN xv. 4.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Be filled with the Spirit. EPH. v. 18.

Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief:
Fill me, Radiancy, divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

4 Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering. COL. iii. 12.

Clothe me, Lord, with holiness,
With meek humility;
Put on me that glorious dress—
Endue my soul with thee:
Let thine image be restored;
Thy name and nature, let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

5 And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. I PET. v. 4.

If the cross is too heavy for thee to bear,
Then the crown is too bright for thee to wear.

6 Lord, to whom shall we go? JOHN vi. 68.

Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

7 How long wilt thou hide thy face from me:
PSA. xiii. 1.

How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see Thy face!
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

8 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt
not despise. PSA. li. 17.

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I can bring:
Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise
A broken heart for sacrifice?

9 Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose
mind is stayed on thee. ISA. xxvi. 3.

Him wilt thou keep in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on thee.
I turned to God, and then did cease
Aught save his will to see.

10 The trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth. I PET. i. 7.

For trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

11 Well done, thou good and faithful servant.
MATT. xxv. 21.

When we are summoned to thy throne
That thou, O God, may judge our deeds,
May we bring fruits of life well spent
And joyfully hear from thee, "Well done."

12 How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God!
PSA. xxxvi. 7.

Oh, lovely attitude!—He stands
With open heart and out-stretched hands.
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

13 The Lord Jehovah is my strength. ISA. xii. 2.

Go not from me, O my strength—
Thou whom I obey;
Take from me what thou wilt,
But go not thou away.

14 Watch unto prayer. I PET. iv. 7.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword in the hour of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

15 Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever.
LAM. v. 19.

They came—they went: of pleasures past away,
How oft this is all that we can say;
Came, like the dew-drop in the morning hour—
Went, like the dew-drop 'neath the sunbeam's power;
Came, like the cistus, with her purple eye—
Went, like the cistus, blooming but to die.
Unheeded in the flight they glided past,
But thou, O Lord, wilt always last.

16 The Lord is his name. AMOS v. 8.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me upholdeth;
I, on his breast, recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel—Christ—the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

17 The will of the Lord be done. ACTS xxi. 14.

The heart that trusts, forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good or ill,
Whate'er today, tomorrow, brings,
It is His will.

18 Let us therewith be content. I TIM. vi. 8.

Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold:
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyces of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest—
When we shall clearly know and understand—
I think that we will say, "God knows the best."

19 I am small. PSA. cxix. 141.

The world is old and thou art young;
The world is large and thou art small:
Cease, atom of a moment's space,
To think thyself an all in all.

20 There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth;
and there is that withholdeth more than is meet,
but it tendeth to poverty. PROV. xi. 24.

Ah, thank God that we can double
Every blessing he bestows
Just by sharing with another,
And be very sure, he knows;
And be sure that from the store-house
Of his love to us he'll send,
For our willing hands to scatter,
Other blessings without end.

21 Thy will be done. MATT. vi. 10.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
Content to trust and die:
Our faith springs like the eagle
That soars to meet the sun.
And cries exulting unto thee,
"O Lord, thy will be done!"

22 My times are in thy hands. PsA. xxxi. 15.

My times are in thy hands, my God:
I would not, if I might,
Take in my own the slipping sands,
Or be they dark or bright.

23 Light is sown for the righteous. PsA. xcvii. 15.

Though chaos and confusion,
Upon the earth I see,
Yet still they seem illusion
Unto the soul of me:
Though race with race is striving,
And conflicts do not cease,
I feel that right is thriving—
I hear the sound of peace.

24 Truly my soul waiteth upon God. PsA. lxii. 1.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing:
The birds are heralds of his cause
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause—
Who bides his time.

25 Be strong and of a good courage, . . . for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. DEUT. xxxi. 6.

Help me to undertake;
I plead for courage to begin my task.
I dare not wait, so much there is at stake:
Grant courage, Lord, I ask.

26 Have faith in God. MARK xi. 22.

Be like the bird, that halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs to light,
Feels them give away beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

27 I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. ACTS xx. 32.

Souls are built as temples are,
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast, without flaw:
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand a make or mar.

28 We which have believed do enter into rest.
HEB. iv. 3.

Oh, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

29 Happy is that people. PSA. cxliv. 15.

The mind that would be happy,
Must be great—
Great in its wishes, great in its surveys;
Extended views, a narrow mind extend.

30 Take fast hold of instruction. PROV. iv. 13.

Oh, happy is the man who hears
Instructions warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

31 We will give ourselves continually to
prayer. ACTS vi. 4.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Thine

1 I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths. Prov. iv. 11.

Blessed Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown:
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. PsA. lv. 22.

Pilgrim, so worn with the journey,
Disheartened, and weary, and sore,
Go carry your burden to Jesus
And leave it with him evermore

3 Lead me and guide me. PsA. xxxi. 3.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, however dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand; choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God, so shall I walk aright.

4 But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.
I COR. xii. 18.

In God's great field of labor
All work is not the same:
He hath a service for each one
Who loves his holy name.
And you, to whom the secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known,
Rise up! for he hath called you
To a mission of your own.

5 According to your faith be it unto you.
MATT. ix. 29.

Oh, happy, are the mortals
Whose faith no doubt can shake!
Who still do trust their Master
Whatever trials o'ertake.
To those who hope in Jesus
And trust him to the last,
The days to come are better
Than any that have passed.

6 For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things. ACTS xv. 28.

So shouldst thou kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that he, no load too great,
Will make thee bear.

7 I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. PSA. xvii. 14.

Soul of mine, in earthly temple,
Why not here content abide?
Why are thou forever pleading?
Why art thou not satisfied?

8 Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. II TIM. iv. 8.

And the white-winged angels of heaven,
To bear me hence, shall come down,
And in place of the cross I've been bearing
He'll give me to wear a crown.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. MATT. xi. 28.

Trust to him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best:
Why then fear when he is saying,
"Come unto me and rest!"

10 Watch ye, and pray. MARK xiv. 38.

We pray, indeed, but no watch we keep;
The golden answers slip by while we sleep,
And we murmur, "The heavens are dumb."

11 He will be our guide even unto death.
PSA. xlviii. 14.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne it long
And still do bear it.
Let my worn and fainting spirit rise
To that bright land where crowns are given.
Father, take my hand.

12 And thou shalt remember all the way which
the Lord thy God led thee. DEUT. viii. 2.

All the way by which he brought us,
All the grievings that he bore,
All the patient love that taught us,
We'll remember evermore.
And his will will be the dearer,
As we think of weary ways;
And his light will be the clearer,
As we muse on cloudy days.

13 The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. GEN. ii. 7.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!

14 And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile. MARK vi. 31.

Labor and leisure make life beautiful
When well divided; and when labor means
Deserved reward, and leisure, sweet repose.

15 Oh that my head were waters. and mine eyes a fountain of tears! JER. ix. 1.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter in the
sun.
The rainbow can not shine if the rain refuse to fall;
And the eyes that can not weep are the saddest eyes
of all.

16 Commit thy way unto the Lord. PSA. xxxvii. 5.

The burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on me, and it shall easy be."

17 I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest. PSA. lv. 8.

Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwrecked sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?
Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Leave! thou shalt reach a sheltering port—
A quiet home.

18 According to thy mercy remember thou me. PSA. xxv. 7.

No depth, that showeth not how far
His mercy reaches down;
No height but brings, where clearer sings,
The song of his renown.

19 Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. LUKE xv. 10.

There is joy among the angels,
When a sinner heeds the call,
When he turns to Christ, believing,
And from him thro' love receiving
Grace that saves us, one and all.

20 He is my rock. PSA. xcii. 15.

In the calm of the noontide,
In sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation
Casts o'er me its power;
In the tempest of life,
On its wide heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages,"
I'm hiding in thee.

21 This is my comfort in my affliction.
PSA. cxix. 50.

Though he may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All his chastenings will come.

22 The Lord shall guide thee. ISA. lxiii. 11.

In suffering, by thy love, my peace;
In weakness, by thy love, my power:
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

23 Lord, I will follow thee. LUKE xi. 57.

If I find him, if I follow,
What my future here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.
If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.

24 The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. MATT. xvi. 18.

Crowns and thorns may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of God
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise
Which can never fail.

25 After this manner therefore pray ye.
MATT. vi. 9.

Our heavenly Father, hear our prayer;
Thy name be hallowed everywhere:
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will,
In earth as heaven, let all fulfil.
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by thy hand.
Now and forever unto thee
Thy kingdom, power, and glory be. Amen.

26 Let us not be weary in well doing.
GAL. vi. 9.

Shall we grow weary in our watch
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way?

27 Thou shalt know the Lord. Hos. ii. 20.

Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a faltering tongue:
I pray thee in a feeble groan,
Tell me, oh, tell me, who thou art!
And speak thy name into my heart.

28 Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? JER. viii. 22.

Oh, why should gloomy thoughts arise
And darkness fill the mind?
Why should that besom heave with sighs
And yet no refuge find?
Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm—
The great Physician there—
Who can thine every fear disarm
And save thee from despair?

29 Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. PROV. xxvii. 1.

Why should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom
Though strong and young and gay.
The present we should now redeem,
This only is our own:
The past, alas! is all a dream,
And the future is unknown.

30 But thou art the same. HEB. i. 12.

Jesus, if still thou art today
As yesterday the same—
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name,

July

1 This is the victory that overcometh the world,
even our faith. I JOHN v. 4.

Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

2 My house is a house of prayer.
LUKE xix. 46.

God bless the home where mightily
The songs of praise arise;
Where all kneel round the altar
And offer sacrifice.
Alas! for home where never
Is heard the voice of prayer;
Alas! for home where Jesus
Is never mentioned there!

3 That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the
Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of
wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him.
EPH. i. 17.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less, in the bright flowerets under us,
Stands the revelation of his love.

4 Though I be nothing. II Cor. xii. 11.

“Though I be nothing,” yet, my Lord, I bring
Myself to thee, a humble offering.
Riches I can not boast, but all I have I give;
So take me, use me, Lord; for thee I’ll live
Till ’mid the glories of eternity
I gaze on thee!

5 Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear
him; that glory may dwell in our land. PsA. lxxxv. 9.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove;
And aye, the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with his love.
I’ll bless the hand that guided,
I’ll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel’s land.

6 They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
PsA. cxxvi. 5.

Seed that’s sown in tears and sorrow
And passed from sieve to sieve,
He who careth for the sparrow
The increase yet will give.
Faint not then, anointed brother,
Though fruitless seems the toil;
Bountiful shall be the harvest,
For God will bless the soil.

7 He is our help and our shield. PSA. xxxiii. 20.

Close beside our wandering ways,
Through dark nights, and dreary days,
Stand the angels, with bright eyes;
And the shadow of the cross
Falls upon and sanctifies
All our pain and all our loss.
Though we stumble, though we fall,
God is helping after all.

8 The light shall shine upon thy ways.
JOB xxii. 28.

Thy life be all sunshine,
And love's purest ray
Shine over thy pathway
And guide thee today.

9 Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. ISA. xlviii. 10.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

10 Thou thyself art a guide of the blind, a light of them which are in darkness. ROM. ii. 19.

Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

11 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. LUKE xii. 34.

I have learned what restless things
Earth's joys and treasures are;
Seen them spread their phantom wings
And vanish into air.
All the love and joys of earth
Are like the bubbles on the stream;
All its honor, fame, and mirth,
The meteor's fitting gleam.

12 A still small voice. I KINGS xix. 12.

Oh! how sweet
That balmy voice, that living breath of life,
As soft it bathes the aching, upraised brow
And whispers peace, the anguished soul is soothed;
Earth, sense, and sin and sorrow are forgot,
As that pure breathing stirs the spirit's lyre
To holy converse with Divinity.

13 We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one.
I COR. viii. 4.

What gems that should be consecrated to thee
Are vainly offered at a mortal shrine,
Till the poor idols, crumbling back to dust,
Mock the weak faith which fancied it divine.
O heavenly Father, may I now presume
To lay my worthless trophies on thy shrine?
Behold! I cast them at thine altar's foot,
And my heart with them. Father, make them thine.

14 There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. PROV. xviii. 24.

Friend of the friendless, oh, to thee,
With bleeding heart I turn!
Thy sunny world is dark to me,
And evermore I mourn.
The friends I loved—oh! where are they?
Dead, faithless, cold, or far away;
But thou art kind, and ever near
To soothe the sigh and dry the tear.

15 Hope thou in God. PSA. xlii. 5.

Hope of the hopeless, see the last
Of my fond hopes is gone;
A thousand brilliant dreams were past
And this remained alone.
Deep in my secret soul it lay,
My dreams by night, my bliss by day;
'Tis broken; oh, 'twas vanity,
Eternal hope, I fly to thee!

16 And to you who are troubled rest with
us. II THESS. i. 7.

Child of meagre poverty,
Toiling for thy daily bread,
Many a bitter, heart-wrung tear,
It has been thine to shed.
Cold and weary is thy lot,
By want, and care, and scorn oppressed;
Bring thy burden to the Lord,
And he will give thee rest.

17 The angel of the Lord encampeth round
about them that fear him. PSA. xxxiv. 7.

There is a dreamy presence everywhere
As if of spirits passing to and fro;
We almost hear their voices in the air,
And feel their balmy pinions touch the brow.

18 A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
PSA. lxxxiv. 10.

One day in thy courts! Oh, how good to the soul
Which has longed weary years in those courts to
appear;
In a dry barren land where no bright waters roll,
No cooling spring gushes the weary to cheer,
Who has wept day and night, while the taunters were
saying,
“Where now is thy God, thou forsaken and straying?”
One day in thy courts, where the blessed are staying
With holiday gladness, rejoicing and praying,
Is better, oh, better, than thousands could be,
Where all this world's treasures were garnered and free.

19 The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. JOHN iii. 8.

O Wind, where is thy home, thy resting place?
 Where dost thou plume thy wings to roam in pathless
 fields of space?
 Thou comest with viewless wing and mystic voice;
 And leaves, and blossoms, and glad birds of spring,
 awaken and rejoice.
 God fills infinity with life and bliss—
 Life, that endureth to eternity, and everlasting peace.
 And unto me 'tis given to shadow forth
 The power that fills, and rules, and gladdens heaven,
 As I pervade the earth.

20 Not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace. II TIM. i. 9.

His purpose will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour.
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

21 This is my rest forever. PSA. cxxxii. 14.

Christian, with the death-damp brow,
 Fitful pulse, and sobbing breath,
 Struggling with the piercing pangs
 And bitter fears of death,
 Now in thine extremest need—
 Oh, sweet the invitation blest.—
 "Come, O weary one, to me,
 In everlasting rest."

22 Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? JAS. iii. 11.

The human heart is such a spring,
So bitter at its source,
And thus its stream diffuses death
Along its poisonous course.
But touched by Grace, how pure and sweet
The living waters spring,
And make along life's barren way
The sweetest verdure springs.

23 A friend of publicans and sinners.
LUKE vii. 34.

Humble sinner, kneeling low,
Who darest not lift thine eyes to heaven;
Though thy wickedness be great
It may be all forgiven.
Do not suffer dark despair
To wind her chains about thy breast,
Jesus is the sinner's friend
And he will give thee rest.

24 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. PSA. cxix. 105.

Cling to the Bible, though all else be taken;
Lose not its promises, precious and sure.
Souls that are sleeping, its echoes awaken;
Drink from the fountain, so peaceful, so pure.
Lamp for thy feet that in by-ways have wandered,
Guide for the youth that would otherwise fall,
Hope for the sinner whose best days are squandered,
Staff for the aged, and best Book of all.

25 Strive to enter in at the straight gate.
LUKE xiii. 24.

Press onward, then, though foes may frown
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown—
Love's everlasting token.

26 I indeed have baptized you with water
but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.
MARK i. 8.

I baptize you with water, but there comes
One after me far mightier than I;
He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost
And fire from the pervading flame on high.
Oh, the sweet and glorious hope
That bears the soul on high!

27 My flesh shall rest in hope. ACTS ii. 26.

All breath of heaven—a gentle strain
Of pure and earnest piety—
The music of thy spirit-horn
Pervades thy minstrelsy.

28 A blessing if ye obey the commandments
of the Lord. DEUT. xi. 27.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

29 Today thou shalt be with me in paradise.
LUKE xxiii. 43.

To Christ the Lord, upon the tree,
A sinner cries, "Remember me."
"Today shalt thou," the Lord replies,
"Be with me there in paradise."
O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O Paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

30 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.
And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him
that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let
him take the water of life freely. REV. xxii. 17.

Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
Your broken cisterns first;
Then come, partake! one draft will shake
Your soul's consuming thirst.
Yea, whosoever will may come.
Your longings, Christ can fill;
The stream is free to you and me
And whosoever will.

31 I am the way, the truth, and the life.
JOHN xiv. 6.

Since all have gone astray,
To life and peace within the fold
How may I find the way?
Bewildered oft with doubts and care,
To God, I fain would go;
While many cry "Lo here! Lo there!"
The truth how may I know?
To Christ, the way, the truth, the life,
I come, no more to roam.
He'll guide me to "my Father's house"
To my eternal home.

August

1 Then how wilt thou do in the swelling of
Jordan? JER. xii. 5.

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away.

2 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy
presence. PSA. xxxi. 20.

In the secret of His presence
How my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons
Which I'm learning at his side!
Earthly cares can never vex me,
Neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me
To the secret place I'll go.

3 The shadows of the evening are stretched
out. JER. vi. 4.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening,
Steal across the sky.
Jesus, give the weary,
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing,
May our eyelids close.
When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless,
In thy holy eyes.

4 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. **MATT. v. 16.**

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkest regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.

5 But the righteous hath hope in his death.
PROV. xiv. 32.

At evening time let there be light
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys to end my woes.
At evening time let there be light.

6 So he bringeth them into their desired haven.
PSA. cvii. 30.

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only, not a wreck;
But, oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

7 Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. ROM. x. 13.

Ye souls, that long in darkness
The path of sin have trod,
Behold the Light of mercy!
Behold the Lamb of God.
With all your heart believe him,
And now the promise claim,
Who look by faith to Jesus,
And call upon his name.
Ye weary, heavy-laden,
Oppressed with toil and care,
He waits to bid you welcome
And all your burdens bear.
A precious gift he offers,
A gift that all may claim,
Who look to him believing,
And call upon his name.

8 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way. ISA. liii. 6.

Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kinder shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?

9 O come, let us worship, and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker. *PSA. xcv. 6.*

Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer and consecrate the day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies.
As that advances let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardor of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

10 Neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time. *MAL. iii. 11.*

Fruit without seed-time,
Harvest without sowing,
Produce without expenditure,
Knowledge without gathering,
Experience without time—can never be.

11 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. *PSA. xxiii. 4.*

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

12 I the Lord have called thee in righteousness,
and will hold thine hand. ISA. xlii. 6.

Hold thou my hand, the way is dark before me,
Without the sunlight of thy face divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are
mine!

Held thou my hand, that when I reach the margin
Of that lone river thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

13 Unto me . . . is this grace given. EPH. iii. 8.

We can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright,
With heavenly grace.

14 And though the Lord give you the bread
of adversity. ISA. xxx. 20.

O Adversity,
Daughter of heaven, relentless power;
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in the adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.
Thou art in any wise, a blessing in disguise.

15 And others fell on good ground. MARK iv. 8.

But where the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field, ----
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield.

16 They arose early about the dawning of the day. JOSH. vi. 15. . . .

Sweet is the dawn of day
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh.
But sweeter far, the dawn
Of piety in youth,
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

17 And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth. MARK iv. 5.

The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

18 And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.
MARK iv. 7.

The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hope of harrow there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

19 The Creator of the ends of the earth.
ISA. xl. 28.

The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens—a shining flame—
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does the Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

20 Make straight in the desert a highway for our God. ISA. xl. 3.

In the desert, God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found;
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All his grace shall there abound.

21 God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. PSA. lxxiii. 26.

God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the Mighty's meat;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.
Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?
God in secret, thee, shall keep;
There unfold his hidden treasures
There his love's exhaustless deep.

22 And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels. MAL. iii. 17.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

23 And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. REV. xxii. 12.

The morn draws near, and soon the Lord shall come;
The one for whom our souls have learned to sigh,
The one who loves us with an endless love,
Has told us in his word that he is nigh.
"I come quickly," he says, and no delay will make;
That word shall speed the moments swiftly by.
To live for him, be our one object now,
And then be with him for eternity.

24 Who provideth for the raven his food.
JOB. xxxviii. 41.

The birds without barns or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied
So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

25 Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
JOB xxxviii. 28.

Sweet is the early dew
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly, glittering drops;
But sweeter far, the scene
Of Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen,
It, freshness to distil.

26 Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of
man cometh at an hour when ye think not.
LUKE xii. 40.

Oh, I'm watching for the coming!
Well I know the time is near,
When in all his royal splendor
To his own he will appear.
Happy bride and loving bridegroom
Soon shall meet, the time is nigh;
And the joy-bells will be ringing,
Sweetest music in the sky.

27 My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. Ex. xxxiii. 14.

Our Fathers of old knew this valley of rest,
And pitched their white tents 'neath its palms;
They ate of the fruitage that purpled its vines,
And bathed in its life-giving balms.
No matter how foot-sore or spent they might be,
When their feet touched its magical sod,
They leaped like the hart on the mountain for joy,
And shouted their praises to God.

28 I can of mine own self do nothing.
JOHN v. 30.

Though I be nothing, yet my Saviour dear,
Let me be used thy weary ones to cheer,
Whether by voice or pen, by touch or smile,
Whether by joyous life or fiery trial.
Only I ask that I may emptied be,
Then filled with thee.

29 O let me not wander from thy commandments. PSA. cxix. 10.

So he sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way to bring you,
And keep you at his feet.
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

30 By long forbearing is a prince persuaded.
PROV. xxv. 15.

Closed the heart-door of thy brother,
All its treasures long concealed?
One key fails, then try another
Soon the rusty lock shall yield.

31 The summer is ended. JER. viii. 20.

Sweet summer, fare thee well!
Thy long bright days are past;
The rays that on earth's bosom fell,
Now all aslant, the zone o'ercast.
The seraphs of the earth
Have ceased the hymning lay,
And from the bowers of their birth
Are flitting silently away.

September

1 He maketh the storm a calm. PSA. cvii. 29.

Let every element rejoice
Ye thunders burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

2 Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope. ZECH. ix. 12.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in the life to come.

3 I will freely sacrifice unto thee. PSA. liv. 6.

My life, if Thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

4 The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,
which is in the sight of God of great price.
I PET. iii. 4.

O meek and quiet spirit!
Where wilt thou dwell, if not in me?—
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasures' fatal wiles.
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share—
The banquet of thy smiles?

5 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power. PSA. lxxv. 6.

To him ye graceful cedars bow;
Ye towering mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own:
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

6 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. PSA. lxxvii. 5.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed—
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ—
Spread His tremendous name around
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound—
The general burst of joy.

7 Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. LUKE xxiv. 29.

Abide with us—the evening shades
 Begin already to prevail;
 And, as the lingering twilight fades,
 Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.
 Abide with us, for well we know
 Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,
 Like balm thy honeyed accents flow—
 Our wounded spirits feel their power.

8 I am the good shepherd. JOHN x. 11.

God, who doth all nature hold
 In his fold,
 Is my shepherd, kind and heedful;
 Is my shepherd, and doth keep
 Me, his sheep,
 Still supplied with all things needful.

9 But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. JOHN xv. 26.

Not hopeless did they grieve; for o'er the soul
 His last bequest has shed a gleam of joy:
 "A comforter to come" restrained their tears,
 A steadfast faith suppressed the rising sighs,
 And expectation raised their downcast eyes.

10 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.
MATT. xxviii. 19.

Go where o'er golden sands
The streams of Afric glide;
Bear to those distant lands
The Savior's sweet commands:
Firm, firm his purpose stands—
“Lo, I am by thy side!”

11 I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.
REV. i. 10.

This day our Lord in triumph rose
To give us hope beyond the grave;
He conquered all our many foes,
And proved his mighty pow'r to save.
So in remembrance we will keep
This blessed resurrection day,
The pledge of all who wake or sleep,
That they shall live thro' him for aye.

12 Feed my lambs. JOHN xxi. 5.

O ye, whose holy privilege it is
To serve him thus, see that ye feed his lambs!
So shall ye gain the evidencée ye seek
That your commission bears his sacred seal;
So shall ye prove your love, and so acquire
The rich reward on which your hopes are fixed.

13 The word of our God shall stand forever.
ISA. xl. 8.

The promise true which God hath spoken
Can never pass away,
But always will abide unbroken,
Just as it is today.

14 The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of
trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him.
NAH. i. 7.

There is one above whose watchful eye
Notes all thy sufferings and marks thy fears—
Who tries and proves thy faith, that thou mayst be
Made meet partaker of the bliss that waits
Believers in the bright celestial home,
Prepared for those who put their trust in Him.

15 For now we see through a glass, darkly.
I COR. xiii. 12.

Here dimly through life's shadowy glass
We strain our infant eyes:
Soon shall the earth-born vapors pass,
And light unclouded rise;
Then hope shall sink in changeless doom,
Then faith's bright race be o'er,
But thou, eternal Love, shall bloom
More glorious than before.

16 Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles. LUKE ix. 33.

The first tabernacle to hope we will build,
And look to the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the
skies.

17 The voice of melody. ISA. li. 3.

'Tis not for fame
That I awaken with my simple lay
The echoes of the forest: but I sing
As sings the bird, that pours her native strain
Because her soul is made of melody.

18 It is I, be not afraid. MARK vi. 50.

In that hour of night and horror,
While despair rode on the storm,
Walking on the rolling billows
They beheld a shining form.
Nearer came the august vision,
Burst their fears in one wild cry;
Then He spake in tones of music,
"Be not fearful—It is I!"

19 In full assurance of faith. HEB. x. 22.

Oh, who would rob me of my faith
 That smooths the path of sorrow,
 And cheers the night of pain or death
 With promise of tomorrow?
 Or wring my soul or wreck my peace,
 Or make me broken-hearted;
 But leave untouched my hopes of bliss
 When life's frail strings are parted.

20 To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life. ROM. ii. 7.

Oh, for the hope of immortality,
 The humble Christian's hope of life to come!
 Of friendship, love, and joy, all purified,
 And bound in wreaths of never fading bloom.

21 In the name of our God we will set up our banners. PSA. xx. 5.

Ay, raise the banner high,
 The banner of the cross!
 Beneath which earth is vanity,
 And all its treasures dross.
 Upon its borders write
 "Holiness to the Lord!"
 While all its folds, in lines of light,
 Display his written word.

22 The servant of the Lord must not strive;
but be gentle unto all men. II TIM. ii. 24.

The gentle voice is much more sweet
Than softest songs of summer birds;
And flattery, sorrow, and deceit,
Are never in their words.

23 There shall be showers of blessing.
EZEK. xxxiv. 26.

Showers of blessing are o'er us
See the clouds forming above—
Tokens of mercy so glorious,
Off'ring us oceans of love.
Showers of blessings are falling,
See the rainbow in the sky;
This is the promise recalling—
Waters refreshing are nigh.

24 Thus saith the Lord, which giveth . . .
the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for
a light by night. JER. xxxi. 35.

The moon in holy light
Walks down the spangled sky;
The dewy leaves are bright
Beneath her radiant eye:
The birds that all the day
Made field and forest ring
Sleep each, upon his spray,
With head beneath the wing.

25 The Lord's throne is in heaven. PSA. xi. 4.

Lift us up from earth to heaven,
 Give us wings of faith and love,
 Gales of holy aspirations
 Wafting us to realms above;
 That with hearts and minds uplifted,
 We with Christ our Lord may dwell
 Where he sits enthroned in glory
 In the heavenly citadel.

26 That which now is in the days to come
 shall all be forgotten. ECCLES. ii. 16.

Forgotten! 'Tis a cold and fearful word,
 And sends a thrill of anguish through the heart—
 That there will come a day in which our face,
 Our voice, our love, our very name,
 Will be forgotten.

27 Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth hath fulfilled the law. ROM. xiii. 8.

For love is a treasure
 Filling the soul;
 Love hath no measure,
 Owns no control;
 Nobly it shieldeth,
 Guardeth its own;
 Love never yieldeth
 Its idolized one.

28 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well. PSA. lxxxiv. 6.

Oh, what a change! That bitter well
Was filled with life and health,
And sweet and pure its waters flowed
A living stream of wealth.
Soon clustering verdure crowned the banks,
And on the balmy air
Rich roses blended their perfume
With breath of lilies fair.

29 But the righteous is an everlasting foundation. PROV. x. 25.

The richest beauty yields to death,
And genius' light will fade away;
Fame may be blighted by a breath,
And love and friendship own decay.

30 The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel, and with the trump of God. REV. iv. 16.

'Tis the voice that waked the sleep of death,
The voice that stilled the tempest with a breath,
The voice that lifted up its warning clear,
That breathed music to the deafened ear,
And softly whispered to his own,
And quelled the demon with its tone.

October

1 For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better. PHIL. i. 23.

Ah! who would not then depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?
Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast the world behind us!
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

2 That the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe. GAL. iii. 22.

For in belief, we've joy and peace,
Of faith and power, a sweet increase;
From burning skies, a cool retreat,
A shelter safe, when tempests beat—
Fresh balm of Gilead for our grief,
For every wound a healing leaf.

3 And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. EPH. iii. 19.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

4 The Master is come, and calleth for thee.
JOHN xi. 28.

O Christian, though gloomy and sad the day,
And the tempests of sorrow encompass thee black;
'Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its rays
To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track;
Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears
flow

O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding heart
riven,
Check thy sorrowing murmurs, thou lone one, and know
That the chastened on earth are the purest in heaven:
And remember, though gloomy the present may be,
That the Master is coming—and coming to thee.

5 Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for
she loved much. LUKE vii. 47.

From her alabaster chalice,
Magdalene, the ointment poured;
Flowed the precious perfume filling
All the air with odors sweet;
But from Mary's eyes distilling
Poured the offering far more meet
Even than the costly ointment,
For the worn and weary feet
Of the blessed Lord.

6 Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today,
and forever. HEB. xiii. 8.

Change is written everywhere,
Time and death o'er all are raging;
Seasons, creatures, all declare
Man is mortal, earth is changing.
One by one—although each name—
Providence or death will sever,
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Yesterday, today, forever.

7 Charity never faileth. I COR. xiii. 8.

Love never fails: though knowledge cease,
Though prophecies decay,
Love, Christian love, shall still increase,
Shall still extend her sway.

8 Peter said unto him, Though I should die
with thee, yet will I not deny thee. MATT. xxvi. 35.

Thou thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,
Watch by thine own forgiven friend;
In sharpest perils faithful proved
Let his soul love thee to the end.

9 Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good
soldier of Jesus Christ. II TIM. ii. 3.

Soldier, go, but not to claim
Moldering spoils of earth-born treasure;
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure;
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wistful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes:
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee, gulfs are burning:
Forward! there is no returning.

10 Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. ACTS xvii. 23.

Behold he bids you rise

From your dark worship round that idol shrine;

He points to Him who reared your starry skies

And bade your Phoebus shine:

Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bow;

That God of gods commands your homage now.

11 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. I THESS. iv. 17.

We soon shall meet our Lord,

The hours are wafting on,

The Dayspring from on high hath risen,

And the night is spent and gone.

12 That ye be not slothful. HEB. vi. 12.

Beware, lest thou, from sloth that would appear

But holiness of mind, with joy proclaim

Thy want of worth; a charge thou wouldst not hear

From other lips, without a blush of shame

Or pride indignant: then be thine the blame,

And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist

The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame:

'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,

Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

13 And work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts. HAG. ii. 4.

Rise to some work of high and holy love,
And thou, an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above:
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck the grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield the fruits divine in heaven's immortal
bowers.

14 This do, and thou shalt live. LUKE x. 28.

Each life, however full each minute,
Holds but two kinds of things within it,
The higher and the lower things:
So, as its choice each moment brings
Choose still the higher thing to do
And joy and strength will dwell with you.

15 How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things! ROM. x. 15.

Shout the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Wakens every heart and tongue.
Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.

16 And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them. **ACTS xx. 7.**

The Lord's Day comes; its solemn gladness,
That with a rush of peace life's tumult quells,
Throws o'er each hour a halo, shining golden,
And changes all with sweetest, holiest spells:
Then like fair rounded pearls they pass before us
While each one glows with luster all its own,
Till bearing all our praise and adoration
They meet again before God's holy throne:

17 Walk humbly with thy God. **Mic. vi. 8.**

If he, the Savior, could descend
From heaven to suffer in our stead,
Should we, ungrateful, hesitate
To follow where his footsteps led?
We may not linger on the height
With him in rapture, but we may
In lowly service here on earth
Walk with our Master every day.

18 Arise, shine. **ISA. lx. 1.**

Don't waste your time in longing;
For bright impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning,
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star,
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

19 The rock of my strengtn, and my refuge is
in God. PSA. lxii. 7.

In every trouble sharp and strong
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is strong in him
When storms and tempests rise.

20 Awake thou that sleepest. EPH. v. 14.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the
night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight:
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

21 But as it is written, Eye hath not seen,
nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart
of man, the things which God hath prepared for
them that love him. I COR. ii. 9.

And is there rest beyond the grave,
Nor pain, nor sighing in that land,
Nor storms, nor wintry winds to rave
In fury on that sunny strand?
Eye hath not seen.
Gay the flowers that blossom there,
Rich the spicy breath of eve,
Aye the landscape verdant fair
Ceaseth every soul to grieve;
Eye hath not seen.

22 I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold. **JOB** xix. 27.

Why seek, my soul, to pierce the veil
And see beyond earth's mist and gloom?
Live so, that when thy summons come,
Kept not within the dreary tomb,
E'en thou shalt rise on pinions bold—
Rise, and with thine eyes behold.

23 And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore. **MATT.** xiii. 2.

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round
And joy and reverence filled the place!
From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

24 Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart. **ECCL.** xi. 10.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold?
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty: not when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

25 In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. ECCL. xi. 6.

Early and late still sow
The seed which God hath given;
Seek not reward below.
The glorious flower shall grow
Where cloudless summers glow;
The harvest is in heaven.

26 Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. MARK xvi. 15.

Go to the lands afar,
Where the changeless winter reigns;
Night hath her empire there,
The night of deep despair.
Go bid the morning Star
Rise o'er those snowy plains;
Go, love's soft dew to shower
On the far-off southern isles.
Though darkness hath her hour
Truth is a might'er power;
Go bid the Lily flower
And the Rose of Sharon smile.

27 Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?
MARK x. 38.

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below
Shall soon with Jesus reign.

28 In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. I JOHN iv. 9.

Yes! love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all, beneath, above;
And heaven and earth shall shout as one
The all-triumphant song of love.

29 Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. JOHN xx. 29.

For all thy rankling doubts are sore,
Love thou thy Savior still;
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do his will.
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast:
Soon will he show thee all his wounds,
And say, "Long have I known thy name—
Know, thou, my face alway."

30 My peace I give unto you. JOHN xiv. 27.

My peace to you I give,
Won from the home of bliss above,
Where the redeem'd shall live
In mansions of eternal love.

31 He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Psa. cxxi. 3.

Oh thus, when I, by sorrow wrung,
Am tempest-tossed on life's dark deep,
The canvas torn, the helm unhung,
And earthly pilots all asleep;
May He who felt, himself, the throes
Of mortal anguish, o'er me keep
His sleepless watch, and sooth my woes,
And call me from my sinful sleep.

November

1 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him,
and given him a name which is above every name.
PHIL. ii. 9.

There is a name, of all the names
That is so dear to me;
It soothes the troubles of my heart
And bids all sorrow flee.
This name is simply Jesus,
But how much it is to me!
It is dearer to my soul
Than other name could be.

2 Beloved, think it not strange concerning the
fiery trial which is to try you, as though some
strange thing happened unto you. I PET. iv. 12.

For these trials you havē
Are just to test the love you have for him;
Sometime you'll know and understand
The things that now look dim.

3 I dwell in the high and holy place, with him
also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to re-
vive the spirit of the humble and to revive the
heart of the contrite ones. ISA. lvii. 15.

Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
True and free from sin,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 For we walk by faith, not by sight.
II COR. v. 7.

God never would send you the darkness
If he thought you could bear the light,
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

5 The way of the righteous is made plain.
PROV. xv. 19.

When the last feeble step has been taken
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on the listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

6 The time is short. I COR. vii. 29.

Sigh then, soul, sing in sighing,
To the happier things replying;
Dry the tears that dim thy seeing,
Give glad thoughts for life and being:
Time is but the little entry
To eternity's large dwelling,
And the heavenly guards keep sentry,
Urging, guiding, half compelling,
Till the puzzling way quite past,
Thou shalt enter in—at last.

7 I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go. ISA. xlviii. 17.

Nor would I, Father, seek to pry
Within thy closed hand,
To learn what share of weal and woe
Thy love for me hath planned:
It is enough that in those hands,
Its lowliest care may be
A round to lift me nigher heaven
And lead me nearer thee.

8 For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. II COR. i. 20.

Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, what ever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

9 Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. JOHN xiv. 27.

Not as the earth bestows
Its fleeting gifts, I yield my peace to you;
No clouds of death can close
Around my Father's house, nor dim the view
Where fadeless luster fills the gorgeous sky
And sinks into the soul
And lights the enraptured eye.

10 And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. MARK iv. 39.

“Peace, be still”: the whirlwinds,
The conscious billow shrunk before him:
While nature all her glories shed
And, smiling, hasten to adore him.
Man, trembling, heard the omnific word
And silently confessed his Lord.

11 And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions. MARK x. 22.

Yet sadder far to him who reads aright
The story of our being's end and aim,
The spirit, darkened mid' surrounding light
By sin and shame!
To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,
Round which the sunbeams pour
Their light in vain;
The dead soul fettered by the films of vice
Knows not its claim.

12 The just shall live by faith. HEB. x. 38.

The childlike faith, that asks not sight—
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves aright—
Shall see things greater, things divine.

13 Casting all your care upon him. I PET. v. 7.

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God, thy Father, hast'ning,
Tell thy sorrows unto him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief and care,
But before thy Father, kneeling,
Pour out all thy sorrow there.

14 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them. PSA. cxxxix. 17.

O happy hours of heavenly thought!
How richly crowned! how well improved!
In musing o'er the law he taught,
In waiting for the Lord we love.

15 The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. LUKE iii. 4.

Hark! through the desert wilds, what awful voice
Swells on the gale and bids the world rejoice?
What prophet form, in holy raptures led,
The gray mists hov'ring o'er his sacred head,
Prepares on earth Messiah's destined way,
And hastes the mighty Messenger of day?

16 And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. LUKE vi. 12.

Early he rose ere dawn of day
And to a desert place withdrew,
There was he wont to watch and pray
Until his locks were wet with dew.
The birds below, the beams above,
Had warned him thence to works of love.
At evening, when his toils were o'er,
He sent the multitude away,
And on the mountain or the shore
All night remained alone to pray,
Till o'er his head the stars grew dim:
When was the hour of rest for him?

17 They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles. ISA. xl. 31.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing:
Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer;
Be sober for thou art not there;
Till death the weary spirit free,
'Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight:
Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of his smile.

18 Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.
MARK ix. 24.

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;"
Let there be hope in toil, and joy in grief.
Teach me on nature's face to look;
Teach me to read thee in thy works and find
There evidence of thine almighty mind.
Keep me, till in the grave with hope divine
I sink, rejoicing that I now am thine.

19 Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?
JOHN xxi. 15.

“Lovest thou me?” I hear my Savior say:
Would that my heart had power to answer, “Yea;
And earth beneath. thou knowest that I love.”
But 'tis not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, can not, love thee as I ought;
Thy love must give that power, thy love alone;
There's nothing worthy of thee but thine own.
Lord, with the love wherewith thou lovest me,
Reflected on thyself, I would love thee.

20 I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow. JER. xxxi. 13.

O suffering souls that strive!
Be not borne down by sorrow; look aloft,
For morn will come, and with the morn comes joy.
The feeble only fail, the weak in heart,
The soft of soul: the strong are ever strong,
And, like the eagles, spread their nervous wings,
And through the storm unheeding rain or snow,
The thunder's crashing, or the lightning's flash,
Soar to the skies; so shall it be with ye.
Look upward, striving ever, and your goal
As glorious Eden by God's golden throne.

21 And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way. Ex. xiii. 21.

I can not look above and see
Yon high-piled, pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly,
In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how thou wast seen
On Israel's desert way,
Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
Pavilioned all the day.

22 Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. ISA. xli. 10.

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee;”
Child of God, be this thy stay;
God, the mighty God, is with thee,
Yielding comfort by the way.

23 And went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives. LUKE xxii. 39.

Where climbs thy steep, fair Olivet,
There is a spot most dear to me—
The spot with tears of sorrow wet,
Where Jesus knelt in agony.
I fondly seek the olive shade
That veiled thee when thy soul was wrung;
Where angels came to bring thee aid,
That oft to thee their harps had strung.

24 And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it. LUKE xix. 41.

And doth the Savior weep
Over his people's sin,
Because we will not let him keep
The souls he died to win?
Ye hearts, that love the Lord,
If at his sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made him mourn.

25 Hope we have as an anchor of the soul.
HEB. vi. 19.

While hope's fair star shines forth, auspicious guide,
E'en tempests, storms, and rocks, oppose in vain.
Safe, midst the ocean's iterated force,
The sacred vessel shapes her haven-directed course.

26 And confessed that they were strangers and
pilgrims on the earth. HEB. xi. 13.

Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown.
I all their wealth despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight—
A country in the skies.

27 Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned
herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to
say, Master. JOHN xx. 16.

Weeper, to thee how bright a morn was given
After thy long, long vigil of despair
When that high voice which burial rocks had riven
Thrilled with immortal tones the silent air!
Never did clarion's royal blast declare
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
As the deep sweetness of one word could bear
Into thy heart of hearts. O woman, bowed
By strong affection's anguish! One low word,
"Mary," and all the triumph wrung from death
Was thus revealed! And thou, that so hadst err'd,
So wept and been forgiven, in trembling faith
Didst cast thee down before th' all-conquering Son,
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won!

28 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. PSA. cxii. 7.

Ill tidings never can surprise
That heart that fixed on God relies.
Though waves and tempests roar around
Safe on the rock he stands and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies
And all their hopes and glory drowned.

29 According to the faith of God's elect.
TIT. i. 1.

Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The Invisible appears in sight,
The Lord is seen by mortal eye.
The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence
Their heavenly origin display.

30 Come, take up the cross, and follow me.
MARK x. 21.

See where the cross of duty stands upright;
Above it, shines the crown with radiant light.
Right in the narrow way, the cross it stands,
And all the space completely it commands.
On either side, behold, vast rocks arise!
See numbers there who fain the crown would have,
But will not touch the cross their souls to save.

December

1 While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease. GEN. viii. 22.

Behold! old Winter, on his stormy throne
With icy scepter, sways the world alone;
From Arctic regions fierce the whirlwinds blow
And earth, all shivering, wears her robe of snow;
The leafless forest murmurs to the blast;
The rushing river now is fettered fast;
And clouds and shadows settling over all,
Wrapt lifeless nature in her funeral pall.

2 The rod and reproof give wisdom.
Prov. xxix. 15.

Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;
Thou mad'st me feel the chastening rod,
And straight I turn'd unto my God.
What though it pierced my fainting heart!
I blessed the hand that caused the smart.
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord,
and whose hope the Lord is. JER. xvii. 7.

Hope is the first great blessing here below,
The only balm to heal corroding woe;
It is the staff of age, the sick man's health,
The prisoner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;
The sailor's safety, tossing as one breath,
It still holds on nor quits us e'en in death.

4 As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings. DEUT. xxxii. 11.

The parent eagle bids her young to fly,
And far aloft their fluttering pinions try;
With seeming cruel haste she stirs their nest
Which may no longer be a place of rest,
Then flutters o'er them, spreads her wings to fly,
And seeks to bear the little ones on high.
They learn to trust their feeble wings at length
And soar aloft with all their parent's strength.
So, oft in life, the fate that seems so hard
Brings in the end exertion's rich reward.

5 To them that are sanctified by God the Father,
and preserved in Jesus Christ. JUDE 1.

Behold, in life the Christian, sanctified,
Strengthened by faith, by fiery trials tried!
He dreads no more temptation's fearful night;
He walks with faith, who, with her heavenly ray,
Sustains his soul and brightens all the way.

6 Before I was afflicted I went astray.
PSA. cxix. 67.

When in the wilds the heedless sheep would stray
And wander careless from the beaten way,
In vain the shepherd every art would try
To make them follow him to pastures high.
He takes a lamb and bears it up the hill,
Up the steep path the mother follows still,
Till in the upland pastures, green and fair,
The sheep and lambs are safely folded there.

7 This I recall to my mind, therefore have
I hope. LAM. iii. 21.

How sweet through long remembered years
His mercies to recall,
And pressed with wants and griefs and fears
To trust his love for all;
How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond the fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

8 At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.
PHIL. ii. 10.

Child, amidst the flowers at play
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father by the breeze of eve,
Called by harvest work to leave—
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

9 Happy is the man that feareth alway.
PROV. xxviii. 14.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day,
And patient waits his Savoir's will
To fetch his soul away.

10 There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. HEB. iv. 9.

Roses bloom and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then like visions hurry by.
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

11 For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. II COR. iv. 17.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended;
But has one vacant chair.
Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

12 Not as I will, but as thou wilt.
MATT. xxvi. 39.

Sweet is the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand
And know no will but his.

13 Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read. Isa. xxxiv. 16.

Who has this book and reads it not
Doth God, himself, despise;
Who reads, but understandeth not,
His soul in darkness lies.
Who understands, but savors not,
He finds no rest in trouble;
Who savors but obeyeth not
He hath his judgment double.
Who reads this book, who understands,
Doth savor, and obey,
His soul shall stand at God's right hand
In that great judgment day.

14 Follow me. JOHN i. 43.

Voyager, on life's troubled sea,
Sailing to eternity,
Turn from earthly things away;
Vain they are, and brief their stay.
Chaining down to earth the heart,
Nothing lasting they impart.
Voyager, what are they to thee?
Leave them all and follow me.

15 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. I PET. i. 3.

How sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed
And waft my spirit home.

16 Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. II COR. iii. 17.

In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

17 Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide. MIC. vii. 5.

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

18 Happy art thou. DEUT. xxxiii. 29.

O happy soul, that lives on high
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky
And faith forbids his fear.
His conscience knows no secret stings;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

19 Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest.
Psa. xciv. 12.

How many blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back.
And more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

20 The hour of prayer. Acts iii. 1.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
When none but God is near.

21 For a thousand years in thy sight are but
as yesterday. Psa. xc. 4.

In heaven they live in such delight,
Such pleasures, and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

22 For, lo, I will command. Amos ix. 9.

Command me, Keeper of my all,
My heart, my soul, my mind;
Direct me, Leader of my way,
For sin hath made me blind.
And I will tread the path unseen
And neither doubt not fear,
For I am thine, and thou art mine,
And now, command me, Lord.

23 Every man shall bear his own burden.
GAL. vi. 5.

To every one on earth,
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and
crown;
No lot is wholly free.
He giveth one to thee.

24 For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not
my law. Prov. iv. 2.

All hail, Religion's chaplet!
We bless its heavenly power;
There's healing in each verdant leaf
And balm in every flower.
No blight, no change, no withering,
Comes ever to this wreath;
It blooms a balm, a bliss in life,
A glorious hope in death.

25 When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. MATT. ii. 10.

The shepherd people left their flocks
Because a song they heard,
And as they watched beside their sheep
Their simple hearts had stirred.
A star, a song, and both, had led
True hearts to find the way,
Where in the cattle's lowly shed
The blessed Infant lay.

26 Be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.
I PET. v. 5.

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

27 The soul that sinneth, it shall die.
EZEK. xviii. 4.

Sin hath a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretense;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

28 Behold, they are all vanity. ISA. xli. 29.

How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

29 Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds flew, and beat upon the house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.
I JOHN iii. 19.

High on a rock the wise man marks his plan,
Its deep foundations closely he would scan;
Though gentle zephyrs breathe through summer
skies,
He knows that storms, wide-wasting, may arise;
On solid base his building rises fair
And points its turrets through the ambient air
With tranquil joy, his eyes delighted greet
The beauteous fabric furnished and complete;
In conscious safety, makes it his abode;
His duty done, he leaves the rest with God.
But soon dark clouds o'erspread the troubled sky,
And soon is heard the voice of tempest high;
Deep rolls the thunder, rains in torrents pour,
The floods tumultuous beat with deafening roar;
Floods, rain, nor thunder, nor rude tempest's shock
Can harm—for 'tis founded on a rock.

30 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. MATT. vii. 26, 27.

The foolish man who built upon the sand
And wrought his labor with penurious hand,
Midst howling tempests, and loud thunders' roar,
His house—it vanished and was seen no more.

31 And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him. MATT. vii. 24, 25.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.

Truth is

The good man's boast and fraud's eternal foe,
The best of gifts heaven can on man bestow;
Where she is found bright virtue still resides,
And equal justice ev'ry action guides.
In the pure heart and spotless mind she reigns,
And with mild power her happy sway maintains.
The attribute of God himself confest—
That stamps his image on the human breast.

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